

As citizens of a great democracy, we are proud to recognize the contributions of the Hellenic culture in our own nation. From the education of the Founding Fathers to the development of our Constitution, Greek ideas have shaped America. In my own state, the Greeks have been members of Rhode Island's communities for over 100 years. Originally starting as factory workers and fishermen, today's descendants of the first immigrants continue to advance both economically and professionally, contributing to our state with their hard work and active citizenship.

Therefore, on the day marking the 180th anniversary of the revolution for independence, I congratulate all Greeks and Greek-Americans and express my appreciation for their contributions and those of their ancestors.

AMERICA'S FIRST TOP SECRET HERO

Mr. DOMENICI. Mr. President, today I had the honor of presenting a personal letter to Mr. Hiroshi H. Miyamura at an event honoring Mr. Miyamura and commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Korean War. Mr. Miyamura is a native New Mexican, a Medal of Honor recipient, and a true American hero.

In honor of Mr. Miyamura and in recognition of the events surrounding his contribution in the Korean War, I ask unanimous consent that a copy of my letter to him and a short historical sketch about Mr. Miyamura be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

MARCH 21, 2001.

Mr. MIYAMURA: I would like to thank the Fairfax-Lee chapter of the Association of the U.S. Army for inviting me to celebrate today's guest of honor. I sincerely apologize for my absence at this event.

Recognizing the awesome deeds of our men during the Korean War during the 50th Anniversary of that conflict is a humbling task. And, today, we meet to recognize the heroism of one particular soldier, Mr. Hiroshi H. Miyamura. Mr. Miyamura's story is not only one of tremendous courage, his has an element of intrigue. Mr. Miyamura is also America's first secret hero.

Mr. Miyamura is a native New Mexican, and still resides there. He enlisted in the Army during World War II and served in a unique special Japanese-American regiment, but the war ended before he saw combat. He got out of the service after WWII and went back to Udall where he married his sweetheart, who had been in an American Internment Camp during the war.

One year after reenlisting in the Army Reserves, North Korea invaded South Korea. At this time, Corporal Miyamura was activated and assigned to the 3rd Infantry Division. For his actions on the night of April 24, 1951, Mr. Miyamura was awarded the Medal of Honor. However, his citation was classified top-secret and filed away in the Department of the Army's tightest security vault. On April 25, he was captured and held as a Prisoner of War (POW) for more than twenty-seven months.

When Sergeant Miyamura, who was promoted while in captivity, was finally released on August 20, 1953, in a POW exchange between the United Nations command and the Communists, he was greeted by Brigadier General Ralph Osborne and informed for the first time that he had been awarded the Medal of Honor. According to General Osborne, the citation had been held top-secret because "if the Reds knew what he had done to a good number of their soldiers just before he was taken prisoner, they might have taken revenge on this young man. He might not have come back." Sergeant Miyamura was presented the Medal of Honor by President Eisenhower on October 27, 1953.

Words will fail to appropriately encompass the gratitude and indebtedness Americans have to Mr. Miyamura and his compatriots. The freedom and prosperity we enjoy is a constant reminder of our Veterans' contribution. As a fellow New Mexican and admirer of the sacrifices you made for our great country, I personally thank you, Mr. Hiroshi H. Miyamura.

Sincerely yours,

PETE V. DOMENICI,
U.S. Senator.

[From Military History, Apr. 1996]

FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS, HIROSHI MIYAMURA'S MEDAL OF HONOR WAS A TIGHTLY GUARDED SECRET

(By Edward Hymoff)

It was the beginning of a long, chilly April night in 1951. Red Chinese bugles howled and whistles shrieked for the umpteenth time. "They're comin' again," the slightly built corporal whispered to his machine-gun detail. Flares burst above the ridge, and an enemy mortar barrage again began to creep toward the American positions.

The ghostly light of falling flares played across the face of the machine-gun section's leader, accentuating the young soldier's Asian features. He could have been mistaken for the enemy, but for the uniform he wore and his New Mexican accent. Shells straddled the trench. The bugles and whistles grew louder as shadowy figures clambered up the steep, shell-pocked slope.

"Stay put," snapped the corporal. He yanked his bayonet from its scabbard and clamped it on his carbine. "Cover me," he ordered. He pulled himself from the trench, slithered a few feet on his belly and then sprang upright and charged the advancing enemy soldiers.

More than two years later, U.S. Army Sergeant Hiroshi H. Miyamura remembered that rainy night of April 24, 1951, as if it were yesterday. He had been the Company H, 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, corporal who had "charged" that night. Now, on August 20, 1953, Miyamura climbed down from a Soviet-built military truck with 19 fellow prisoners of war at a place called Panmunjom, which he had heard mentioned while in a Communist Chinese prison camp in North Korea. He and his repatriated POW buddies were hustled into military ambulances for a 15-minute drive to another unloading point, Freedom Village, where doctors, nurses and medics took over.

Pale and undernourished, the newly freed Americans shucked off their faded blue Chinese uniforms and showered. They were examined by doctors, dusted with DDT and issued oversize fatigues. Each former POW was then handed a large canteen cup filled with ice cream. If the doctors declared them physically and mentally up to it, they were interrogated by intelligence officers and then led out to meet the press.

As Sergeant Miyamura (who had been promoted while in captivity) was led to the microphones and news cameras, he was greeted by Brig. Gen. Ralph Osborne, the Freedom Village commander, who raised his hands for silence. "Gentlemen of the press," the general announced. "I want to take this occasion to welcome the greatest V.I.P., the most distinguished guest to pass through Freedom Village.

"Sergeant Miyamura, it is my pleasure to inform you that you have been awarded the Medal of Honor." Miyamura was visibly shaken. "What?" he gulped. "I've been awarded what medal?"

During the nearly 130 years that the Medal of Honor has been awarded for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty," none of the other recipients have learned about the honor quite the way that 27-year old Sergeant Miyamura did. Nineteen months before his release from captivity, a Medal of Honor citation dated December 21, 1951, had been filed away in the Department of the Army's tightest security vault. Classified "top-secret," it was finally removed from its Pentagon security vault at the start of Operation Big Switch, the exchange of POWs between the United Nations command and the Communists, and delivered to U.S. Eighth Army headquarters in Seoul shortly after the Korean armistice was signed in late July 1953.

General Osborne began reading aloud from the citation that had been handed to him less than a half-hour before. "On the night of 24 April, Company H was occupying a defensive position near Taejon-ni, Korea, when the enemy fanatically attacked, threatening to overrun the position. Corporal Miyamura, a machine-gun squad leader, aware of the danger to his men, unhesitatingly jumped from his shelter. . . ."

As the general continued reading, Sergeant Miyamura clearly recalled those events. A major Chinese offensive had cracked the U.N. line. The 3rd Division had been ordered to pull back. H Company withdrew under a heavy enemy mortar barrage followed by two separate battalion-size probes. Miyamura was positioned between a light and a heavy machine gun, directing their fire. Shortly before midnight, the Chinese again advanced up the slope. He called out to his gunners, "Short bursts, short bursts!" and switched his carbine to automatic fire, squeezing off short bursts. He also hurled grenades down the slope.

The attackers were finally stopped. Twenty minutes or a half-hour passed. Then, enemy mortar rounds again fell along the ridgeline. Flares popped overhead, and the bugle calls and whistles resumed, along with shrieks of "Kill! Kill! Kill dam 'mericans!"

Miyamura hurled more grenades and emptied his carbine. The shadowy figures moving up the slope toward his position dropped before his fire. Off to his right, the heavy machine gun blasted away. There was silence from the .30-caliber light-machine-gun position on his left. He clambered from his hole and crawled to his left flank. The light weapon and its crew were gone. Had they bugged out?

No. A runner must have instructed them to withdraw. But why hadn't the runner touched base with him? Crouching low, Miyamura dashed toward the heavy-machine-gun position but stumbled across a body and fell flat on his face. A flare popped overhead, and he dropped flat beside the body. It was one of H Company's runners. No wonder he hadn't gotten the message to withdraw.

Miyamura found two of the four GIs in the machine-gun position hit by shrapnel, and he dressed their wounds. Instructing them to cover him, he clamped his bayonet on his carbine and left the emplacement, sliding down the slope toward the enemy. Minutes later, there were agonizing cries in the darkness from the direction he had gone.

"... Wielding his bayonet in close hand-to-hand combat, killing approximately 10 of the enemy," General Osborne continued. The Chinese soldiers had been cautiously moving up the slope when Miyamura suddenly appeared in their midst. Jabbing and slashing, he scattered one group and wheeled around, breaking up another group the same way. Miyamura then ran back up the slope and slid into the machine-gun position. He ordered the gunners and the two wounded riflemen to fall back; he would cover them. Suddenly he was alone and frightened. He leaned against the machine gun and waited. It didn't take long. Bugles and whistles sounded, and the "Kill! Kill!" chant of the enemy grew louder and closer.

"... As another savage assault hit the line, he manned his machine gun and delivered withering fire until his ammunition was expended," the general went on. Miyamura broke up that attack, and when he ran out of ammunition he began hurling grenades in the enemy's direction. It was time for him to withdraw, but first he had to destroy the heavy machine gun. He placed a grenade, its pin pulled, against the gun's open breach, then ran into a nearby trench.

Loping down the trench, Miyamura turned a corner and slammed into an enemy soldier. Both recoiled, but Miyamura was faster; he shot the Chinese soldier wounding him. The Chinese soldier then lobbed a grenade in Miyamura's direction, but he kicked it back. It exploded, killing the enemy soldier and wounding Miyamura in the leg. "... He killed more than 50 of the enemy before his ammunition was depleted and he was severely wounded," the general continued reading.

Miyamura recalled the nightmarish events leading up to his capture. The eastern horizon was beginning to grow lighter, and the enemy soldiers were now pouring off the ridge he had evacuated. He spotted a friendly tank that had been staked out to cover the withdrawal, now preparing to pull out. Miyamura ran desperately toward it, only to stumble into American barbed wire. Sobbing in pain, he heard the tank rumble away.

"When last seen, he was fighting ferociously against an overwhelming number of enemy soldiers," the general continued. But that wasn't quite the way it happened, Miyamura remembered. He managed to free himself from the wire and dropped into a small shellhole, throbbing with pain from the barbed-wire punctures and from the grenade-fragment wound in his leg. Enemy troops swarmed down the back slope and walked by the hole in which he lay, ignoring what they thought was a dead GI. If he could last through the day playing dead, he might be able to make it back to his own lines when night fell. A lone enemy soldier stopped beside him and leveled a U.S. Army 45-caliber pistol at his head. "Get up," he ordered in English. "I know you're alive. We don't harm prisoners."

Four days later, a 3rd Division task force slashed its way back to the position Miyamura had evacuated. Miyamura was not among the dead GIs who lay there with more than 50 enemy dead, scattered on both slopes of his position.

Why was Miyamura's Medal of Honor citation classified top-secret? General Osborne

explained: "If the Reds knew what he had done to a good number of their soldiers just before he was taken prisoner, they might have taken revenge on this young man. He might not have come back." Sergeant Hiroshi H. Miyamura, America's first secret hero, was formally presented his Medal of Honor by President Dwight D. Eisenhower in a White House ceremony on October 27, 1953.

Miyamura has since visited Washington several times as an invited guest at presidential inaugurations. A career as an auto mechanic and service station owner made it possible for him to send his three children to college. Miyamura is now retired in his hometown of Gallup, N.M., and "doing the many things that I now have time for." An avid freshwater fisherman, he spends much of his time trout fishing in the many lakes in the Southwest.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Wednesday, March 21, 2001, the Federal debt stood at \$5,731,169,100,580.51, five trillion, seven hundred thirty-one billion, one hundred sixty-nine million, one hundred thousand, five hundred eighty dollars and fifty-one cents.

One year ago, March 21, 2000, the Federal debt stood at \$5,728,846,000,000, five trillion, seven hundred twenty-eight billion, eight hundred forty-six million.

Five years ago, March 21, 1996, the Federal debt stood at \$5,062,251,000,000, five trillion, sixty-two billion, two hundred fifty-one million.

Ten years ago, March 21, 1991, the Federal debt stood at \$3,446,260,000,000, three trillion, four hundred forty-six billion, two hundred sixty million.

Fifteen years ago, March 21, 1986, the Federal debt stood at \$1,982,089,000,000, One trillion, nine hundred eighty-two billion, eighty-nine million, which reflects a debt increase of almost \$4 trillion—\$3,749,080,100,580.51, three trillion, seven hundred forty-nine billion, eighty million, one hundred thousand, five hundred eighty dollars and fifty-one cents, during the past 15 years.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

NATIONAL AGRICULTURE WEEK

• Mr. DAYTON. Mr. President, this week, as our Nation celebrates National Agriculture Week, I can think of no better time for Congress to begin the important work of addressing the urgent needs of our Nation's family farmers, ranchers, and rural communities.

Through the hard work and innovation of our farmers and ranchers, we have long been the most bountiful Nation in the world. The average American farmer produces enough every year to feed and clothe 129 other people. Nowhere else do so few feed so many.

Although only about 2 percent of our people work on the farm, agriculture

remains a pillar of our economy. Twenty-one million Americans are employed transporting, processing, and distributing agricultural commodities. In Minnesota, agriculture represents 17 percent of the State's economy and employs roughly 22 percent of the State's workers.

Our family farmers and ranchers contribute as much to our national character as to our economy. The hard work and determination of our farmers has been the foundation and source of strength for our Nation since its earliest days. As they have done for generations, American farmers continue to meet adversity with the faith, fortitude, and ingenuity.

But as we enter the 21st century, America's family farmers and ranchers face a number of challenges such as continuing low commodity prices, the increasing consolidation and concentration in the agricultural economy and Congress' failure to establish a strong safety net to help when good times go bad. I believe we, as a nation, should focus on ways to support and strengthen family farms and rural communities while ensuring a vibrant, competitive agricultural marketplace.

I urge Congress to take immediate action to reverse farm and trade policies that have led to several years of low prices and driven thousands of producers in Minnesota and across the country out of business. What better way to honor the hard-working family farmers and ranchers who allow our Nation to enjoy the safest, most diverse, and most affordable food supply in the world.●

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN GLEN O. WOODS, USN

• Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize an outstanding Naval Officer, Captain Glen Woods, as he completes 23 years of distinguished service. It is a privilege for me to honor his many outstanding achievements and commend him for his honorable and faithful service to the Senate, the Navy, and our great Nation.

Captain Woods graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1978. Upon graduation, he entered flight training and earned his "Wings of Gold" as a Naval Aviator in February 1980. Assigned as a Maritime Patrol Aviator, Captain Woods has served in P-3 Orion squadrons in both the Pacific and Atlantic Fleets, compiling nearly 4000 flight hours. His most recent flying assignment was as the Executive Officer and Commanding Officer of the "Red Lancers" of Patrol Squadron TEN, home ported in Brunswick, ME.

From airfields located in Adak, Alaska, and Keflavik, Iceland, he has tracked submarines above the Arctic Circle. He has flown anti-submarine and anti-surface warfare missions supporting our carrier battle groups in the